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GEE AITCH 43

No. 47. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, June 29, 1919

Heads Up! For the Big Event---July 4th

BY WAY OF REMINDER.

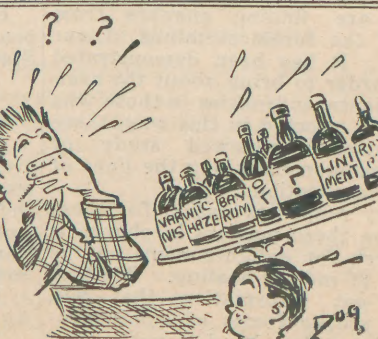
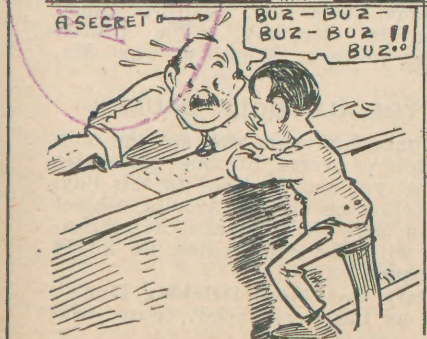
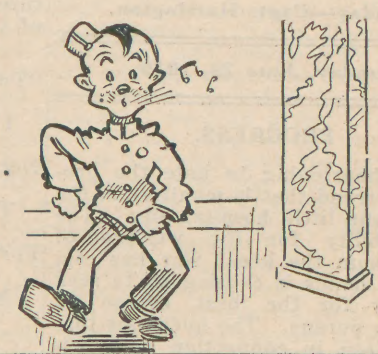
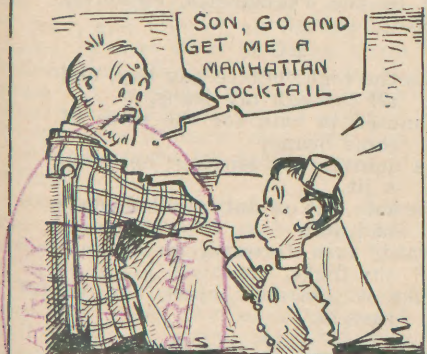
Let us not slow up on the July 4th Patriotic Celebration. The big program is being rounded out and the many stunts are under preparation. Some mighty good boxing bouts are being booked, and the publicity committee has arranged for the telegraphic returns, blow for blow, round by round, of the Willard-Dempsey Championship bout at Toledo.

The reorganized baseball team will battle a fast opposing team. There'll be a full list of field athletic events, and great "doin's in the air" by aviators from Langley Field.

Admission free to outsiders. All out in harness for the banner day of the year in this section—Independence day! Only four days to go—Lots of pep, contestants! Out for preparation, all together— "OVER THE TOP!"

FRONT

By Dununing.



GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.
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Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Lieut. Campbell.
Monday—Capt. Harrington.

Sunday, June 29, 1919.

PROGRESS.

It is heartening to note the progressive trend that is manifest in the life of our little hospital city. The responsibility for the welfare of those whom the great war has cast into our hands is causing us to seek earnestly for the best course of action to pursue. The questions that have arisen in connection with this matter are finding answers from some of the foremost minds of our country. It has been demonstrated that in order to bring about the healing of mental infirmities in those who have been affected in this way, there is required a renewed study of psychic phenomena along the lines of modern application.

A very proper avocation for those who have these matters in charge is the search for enlightenment on the practice of mental healing. The best way to get information that will lead to proper forms of administration is by a first hand investigation. This is best accomplished in an in-

formal manner,—something after the style of the ward healer in political life. If we look deep enough, we shall find that the primary purpose of the coming into this world of the Master of Men was to give to the world a human and divine pattern of life which all individuals might aspire to and finally, achieve. The ideal which he set forth came to perfection in Him, and has been reproduced, though to a lesser degree, many times since.

The methods he used in healing the souls of men are practical and capable of adaptation to modern needs.

* * *

Greatness of character is ever allied to humility of heart and soul.

* * *

HOW NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

Is pay day, and we are, no doubt, today much in the same fix as pictured by the Yeomanette, authoress of the following:

S O S.

"Twas the night before pay day, and
all through my jeans,
I hunted in vain for the price of
some beans;
Not a quarter was stirring; not even
a jit,
The kale was off duty; milled edges
had quit.
Forward, turn forward, oh time in
thy flight,
Make it tomorrow, just for to-
night."

* * *

Ebert, it is said, has proclaimed peace in Germany. The United States, however, is still at war—Ex.

* * *

"THE ALCOHOLIC BLUES."

(Omar Khayyam was not the only creator of verse of this particular metre; yet had he lived to this day, the following on his favorite subject would have little chance of publication with the competition he might now have offered.)

Only One More Drinking Day.

And as the Cock crew, those who
stood before
The Tavern, shouted, "Open then,

the Door!

You know how little time we have to stay,

And, once departed, may return no more. —Amen.

* * *

"Drink to me only with thine eyes" will be the National Wail after Monday.

THE BETTER CURE.

(Contributed by Shamis Maharg.)

In this world with its hypocrisy, do you ever think about the purer kind of democracy, this freedom that we shout about.

Mr. Brightone tries to think, and promptly hits upon a plan, the root of evil lies in drink, if he can't drink, then no one can. A judge is he of spirits wet, he writes a book or two, and then, up he gets with purpose set, to try and right his fellow men. He preaches of the days of yore, and tells of all the sin and shame, of days when he drank booze galore, that whiskey fastened to his name. A warning he would loudly shout—but, as he shouts we pause to think. Was it booze that gave him gout and caused his drafted soul to shrink?

Whiskey never killed a Man, who was a man and held one's place, but a fool or a shirking coward can, find in drink a sad disgrace.

Why this tiresome talk of drink, why not study the souls of men? Tell what you know, not what you think, strive for the truth with your erring pen. Degradation, no man seeks, and it doesn't require a sleuth, to know of lies man tells when he speaks of things all too close to the truth. Don't pass along in your greedy race, finding excuses for greed and pride, but seek of the truth, look it full in the face. You're merely a man in animal's hide.

Some men start life with a handicap, and pride has pierced many a heart. Some lots were caste in sorrow's lap, and scorn can check their every start. Sorrow plants a damning seed, and e'er the tear of sorrow dries, disgust is born of sinful creed,

the man does wane—ambition dies. Then comes drink to ease the pain, and a man is sinking in our midst, but e'er he tries to rise again, we beat him down with tongue and fist.

Let us not use poor excuses, for if we do, our earthly mission, not blame it all on drink's abuses, there'll be no need for prohibition. With due regard for every man, first to know ourselves, and then, to draw ourselves an earthly plan, to love and help our fellow men. Tell your God, that you believe. The truth is bitter, its way is hard. Don't go laughing up your sleeve, for the love of man is the love of God.

SCOTCH—NOT GERMAN.

Us editors do have hard times—yes, honest.

The sponsor for what you daily explore in this little sheet pointed his finger at a dignified yet fatherly gentleman, who was engaged in that fascinating game of "Lawn Golluf" the other day, and asking who he was, was told his name was "Karl," and the informer spelled it for him. So "K-A-R-L" went to press. Yesterday, a Friday copy of *Gee Aitch 43* came in the mail, with the name "Karl" encircled in big blue lines, and words thusly: "KYLE, SCOTCH (high-ball)—NOT GERMAN (Rhine Wine)—'HOOT MON!'"

(The bracketed words belong to us eds. of course, but the credit for the promotion of this wonderful game of Lawn "Golluf" is due Captain Kyle.)

HAS STRONG ARM.

Ralphy Leighton, they say, is still persuing his vain efforts at "hand-shaking"—for what, we know not. Is it true?

NO SUBSTITUTE NEEDED.

Someone asked the Kentucky Colonel if there was any cure for a snake bite except whiskey. "Who the h..... cares whether there is or not!" said he.

"FRONT!"**(Blowing our own horn.)**

Today marks the appearance of a new series of cartoons that will run alternately with other pictorial efforts, by crack cartoonist Dunning.

"FRONT," which begins today, is a new, copyrighted effort, which will also appear "when peace reigns once more" in the metropolitan dailies, and will be the collaborated creation of what is to be known as the Hanson-Dunning Syndicate, the outgrowth of a business venture, begun at Richmond, early in the spring.

Wish us artists luck, please.

HEARD ON A WARD!

"Where d'you go Friday night?"

"To town, where d'you reckon?"

"What town?"

"Vaudeville, of course, you boob."

GOOD TIME, RED CROSS, FRIDAY

A number of Post dwellers gathered at the Convalescent Home of the Red Cross Friday afternoon, and enjoyed a good time informally. Ice cream cones were served in plenty to all. The very pretty song "Laddie" was sung by Mrs. Henry Lane, of Hampton.

The table game of Ping Pong is becoming quite popular among those who frequent the Home. Mrs. Moore, the kindly hostess, occasionally finds leisure to play a game with her guests. The large room is very prettily and becomingly decorated with flags of the Allies; the social atmosphere of the place is quite home-like.

OFFICERS DID DANCE.

The party in the Red Cross House given by and for Officers and friends Friday night was a mighty pleasing success.

Brodstein's celebrated orchestra rendered splendidly the latest jazz and waltz strains to the delight of the joyful dancers. Dancing, music and refreshments combined to afford the joymakers a jolly time.

Y. M. C. A. HUT COSY? YES.

Down on the pretty green turf near the water front, and in the background of the theatre building, is a neat and cozy little building, harmonizing with the landscape in its color. Next to the water side is a home-like veranda furnished with easy chairs. So located that it receives the cooling breezes from the Roads, it furnishes an ideal place to chat with your pal, play a game, or day-dream.

Stepping inside one finds long side tables arranged for writing that letter home. Overhead hang the flags of England, France, Italy and our native land. An adjoining room is furnished with a table for Ping Pong, and is close by the office, where the obliging Hut Secretary, Mr. Neil is pleased to extend a welcome to our boys. He is ably assisted by Mr. Marshall, who is ready to be of practical assistance to all.

"FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT."

This morning, Lt. Donald T. Gray, Chaplain 112th Infantry, will conduct the Protestant services. He will take for his subject: "Fighting the Good Fight."

Chaplain Gray is the guest of Cant. Robertson, Protestant Post Chaplain, who has postponed the third sermon of his series, "The Swimming Iron," until next Sunday, and will loan Lt. Gray, the pulpit this morning. Lt. Chaplain Gray is a splendid vocalist as well as good speaker.

Everybody welcome!

PICKED UP.

"Ezra" seems to have been read-
"Henry the eighth and his eight wives." Why? You know he has another lady, "Fair" friend, to add to his list.

Smitty seems to be all broken up, as his little friend from Arkansas has passed into the oblivion.

"Whity" you should take her with you, or some of these "heart breakers" will win her affection with their tactful ways.